

## **Are You Bored Yet? by chr1ssy-x**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-09-23 03:42:16

**Updated:** 2019-09-23 03:42:16

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 17:43:00

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,399

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** "Cause we could stay at home and watch the sunset, but I can't help from asking, "Are you bored yet?" And if you're feeling lonely you should tell me, before this ends up as another memory. Will you tell the truth so I don't have to lie?" Mileven one-shot x fluff

## Are You Bored Yet?

So, this is just going to be a cute little one-shot about Mileven. In this story Mike and El haven't said I love you, yet and Hopper didn't die or disappear or whatever, lol. This is basically about how they doubt themselves while trying to express themselves to one another. Inspired by my new favorite song as of recently; *Are You Bored Yet* by *The Wallows*. Enjoy! :) xx

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Are You Bored Yet?

***What's wrong? You've been asking, but I don't have an answer. How come?***

His eyes darted back and forth from her eyes to her lips and he found himself forgetting how to breathe. Is that... *normal*? Mike Wheeler was on the cusp of puberty, with mixed emotions and hair growing in the strangest places and now he had a warmth growing in his chest and it was getting stronger and stronger every day. He only felt this warmth whenever he looked at her and he knew it meant something, but he didn't know if it meant something for her necessarily and that scared him. She definitely had noticed how strange his behavior was becoming and was constantly asking him if something was wrong and he was running out of stupid excuses for why he was acting the way he had been lately. He didn't have an answer anymore.

***I'm still thinking, let's pretend to fall asleep now. When we get old will we regret this?***

"Mike, what's wrong?" She gave him a perplexed look as she analyzed his face and he felt his stomach flip and twirl and explode. How could he even begin to find the words to explain this feeling to her? He wasn't always the brightest when it came to girls and relationships and being in one, but he assumed he could call this a relationship. And when you're in a relationship, you *fall in love*... right? Is this feeling, *love*? He was so overcome with this feeling and had no words to actually describe what the feeling was. He had no idea if she was feeling the same way either. He didn't know if he could even bring himself to ask her if she felt the same feeling in the pit of her

stomach and the banging behind her ribcage where her heart is, when she looked at him. He could only assume for now, that she probably didn't. Why would she? But then again, what if she does and he never says anything and misses out on the chance to know if she felt same way that he did? He knows that she likes him, but for some reason that doesn't feel like enough anymore. He feels like he might scare her if he tells her about the emotions bubbling up in his chest, ready to erupt at any moment. He just wanted to roll back on the bed they were sitting on together and pretend to fall asleep and not have to talk about it anymore. He would do *anything* to just not talk about it anymore.

"I-I'm fine, El, why?" He felt his breath catch in his throat when her gaze intensified and she raised an eyebrow at him in question.

"Are you sure?" El and emotions were an odd pairing; she was very unfamiliar with what they meant even though she could feel them. She was also very blunt and to the point and didn't realize how weird it could sound sometimes when she would ask certain questions or say certain things. Mike loved this about her though, she was unknowingly bold, but the look in her eyes tells him all the time that if she could understand better, that she would still be as bold.

***Too young to think about all that shit, and stallin' only goes so far when you've got a head start.***

He flashed a small smile and sighed, "Yes, El, I'm fine!" He forced a laugh as he grabbed her hand, trying so hard to ignore the way his heart jolted and his fingers set on fire at the mere touch of her skin. He was so overwhelmed trying to understand how such a simple, innocent touch could cause a whirlwind of emotions inside of him, but he pushed it all down. *All* the way down.

El frowned at him and squeezed his hand as she flipped his wrist, her eyes sweeping over his forearm as she brought her other hand from her side and felt his pulse at his wrist, "Friends. Don't. Lie." Her eyes practically burned through him and she continued on sternly, "Your eyes go in every direction. Your pulse is very fast. You keep... gulping, like you are nervous. Why?" She was so curious and just wanted an answer, but Mike was so afraid to give her that answer and he didn't think she was ready for it. Or was she? He was confused

and he knew he could only give bullshit excuses for so long and that she would only continue to settle for those excuses for so long. El might not fully understand being a normal teenage girl, but she knew when she was being lied to.

Mike didn't really know what to say. He stared at her, dumbfounded and scrambling to find the right words to say.

"Why do you lie to me, Mike?" She let her hand go slack, before pulling away from Mike and looking down to the floor below them. He felt his lips curl downward into a frown and realized, maybe he should just... *say it.*

***'Cause we could stay at home and watch the sunset, but I can't help from asking, "Are you bored yet?"***

"El, do you think I'm boring?" He blurted the words so abruptly and looked at her quickly out of the corner of his eye. She was confused and looking at him now.

"Why would you ask me that question, Mike? I don't understand..." She looked at him quizzically and he sighed heavily before opening his mouth, which for some reason became extremely hard, almost like someone super glued his mouth shut.

"I.. I don't know how to explain it. Do you have fun with me?" He asked timidly and he waited for what felt like a painfully long time for her to answer.

"Of course, I have fun whenever I am with you; only you." His heart soared and he felt the smile creep onto his face. Maybe she did feel the same way, if she even understood what that feeling was.

***And if you're feeling lonely, you should tell me before this ends up as another memory. Will you tell the truth so I don't have to lie? Will you tell the truth so I don't have to lie?***

"Do... do you think there's a reason you have fun with *only* me..?" He didn't know where he was going with this necessarily, but he somehow thought if he started to ask certain questions, maybe she would say it first. Maybe she wouldn't be as much of a coward as he

was in this very moment, but there was still a chance she didn't even know what the word love even meant, let alone felt it for him.

She pondered for a moment and her eyes seemed to speak volumes, because Mike thought for just a moment that she knew and she was afraid to say it, too. *No way... right?*

"I-I... I don't know... can you tell me if there is? Help me understand." She gazed at him, asking for help. He loved how much El trusted him to teach her things and help her understand herself and everyone and everything around her. It made him feel important, like someone depended on him to guide them; it made him feel less... lonely.

"Do you ever feel lonely?" He asked. Her face dropped, she definitely knew what the word lonely meant and that made Mike sad.

"Yes... do you?"

"All the time..." He looked down at his lap and then back up at El, "Do you feel lonely even when you're with me?" He studied her face and the way her features softened as a smile dawned her face.

"Never," She whispered softly, "And you?"

***Feels like I've known you my whole life, I can see right through your lies. I don't know where we're going, but I'd like to be by your side. If you could tell me how you're feeling, maybe we'd get through this undefeated; holding on for so long.***

"Never," He smiled and grabbed her hand, "Listen, it's not that I'm lying to you-

She yanked her hand from his grip, shaking her head in disbelief, "Mike, I am not stupid. Why do you treat me like I am stupid? I know you, and you are lying to me, please stop telling me you aren't." She huffed in frustration and Mike's face dropped in defeat, "There is something wrong, there is something that you are not telling me. What is going on with you?" She looked at him with pleading eyes, begging for him to just be honest with her.

"It's not that simple, El," His response frustrated her even more and

she began to get angry.

"It is, Mike! Just tell me what it is, it is that simple!" She throws her hands up in the air as she shoots up from her seat on the bed, pacing around as she yells at him.

"No, trust me it isn't. I'm not *trying* to lie to you. I-It's.. it's just.. I.. I-" He fumbled hard over his words, panicking.

"You *what*, Mike!?"

"I fucking love you, okay!?"

And there it was; his emotions had spilled over and everything exploded and all at once he felt sheer panic and total relief. Everything went black as he squeezed his eyes shut tightly, not wanting to face his beautiful girlfriend because he was too afraid to see the expression on her face. He had done it! He said it, finally! He just wasn't sure if the outcome would be everything he hoped for.

"You... *love me*?" He opened his eyes slowly and looked up at her to see her eyes brimming with tears and a smile etched across her face. You could tell she doesn't hear it very often so it meant even more to her than it would to most.

"Yeah... I love you, El, so much..." He smiled sheepishly at her as he wiped the tears from her eyes, "Do you know what *love* is...?" He asked as he fidgeted nervously with his fingers and his eyes focused on them like he couldn't look at anything else or he'd die if he did.

"Yes." He felt his stomach drop and he was certain if she didn't say it back by now and she knew what it meant, that she didn't feel the same way, right?

"*Oh...* you do? Who taught you?"

"I taught myself... I was curious because Hop had mentioned the word to me before and told me he loved me. I know there are different kinds of love. Do you love me like Hop loves me?" Mike smiled at how beautifully innocent she was and how she was never afraid to ask questions, no matter the situation.

"No, El. I love you like... like the way Joyce loved Bob." Mike quickly thought up a comparison and felt a twinge of sadness as he mentioned Bob. El's face turned red and her mouth curled into an embarrassed smile, but none the less, it was a smile. That was good; at least, Mike thought it was.

***'Cause we could stay at home and watch the sunset, but I can't help from asking, "Are you bored yet?" And if you're feeling lonely you should tell me before this ends up as another memory. Will you tell the truth so I don't have to lie? Will you tell the truth so I don't have to lie?***

"I love you too, Mike." El giggled at the way Mike's head shot up in astonishment and how he hopped up, wrapping her in his arms tightly. He held on for so long whispering in her ear how much he loved her over and over again, it felt like she'd been standing for an eternity, but that was okay. It was okay, because he loved her and she loved him, too, "Thank you for telling me the truth, so I did not have to lie. I was not too sure, but I had a feeling that you loved me like that and I felt the same, but I was too afraid to tell you first, so I got it out of you!"

He pulled back and looked at her, dumbfounded and the heat rushed right to his cheeks, "You know for someone who doesn't know much about socializing and how to handle human interaction, you sure know more than I could have expected. *Without* my help. I'm proud of you and also super embarrassed that you fooled me so well." He trailed off toward the end of his sentence, breaking eye contact and smiling sheepishly again before he looked back at El and placed his forehead against hers. His breath hit her face and her heart skipped a beat at the scent of sweet strawberry candies invading her nostrils. She closed her eyes and smiled softly before she felt his lips press against hers in a gentle rhythm. Their lips moved against each others almost like they were made to, in the sweetest dance you could ever imagine. It was effortless and comfortable. This is where they were meant to be, "So... you aren't bored of me yet?" Mike joked and chuckled awkwardly.

"I could never get bored of you. I always have fun with you. Always." She smiled brightly up at him and he melted into her arms.

"I really, *really* do love you, El."

"I really, *really* love you too, Mike."

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Let me know what you guys think!(: